

Peanut Butter Byers by **theamiableanachronism**

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Summary: In which the three Byers siblings bond over a jar of peanut butter.

Peanut Butter Byers

Will Byers eats peanut butter straight out of the jar with a spoon.

It's a habit he picked up from Jonathan Byers on one of their last days of freedom before school started for both of them when they were using David Bowie to drown out the sound of Lonnie and Joyce Byers arguing in the living room.

Now that he's home, why should that habit be broken? Even after all these years?

So one night he slips out of the room he now shares with Jonathan, and although he's usually quiet enough not to wake his brother, Jonathan wakes up after he leaves. He opens his bedroom door, looks down the hallway, and finds El doing the same from the doorway of Will's old room. They both frown, a bit confused, both obviously woken by the same unexplainable feeling.

El follows Jonathan down the hallway to the living room where the only sound is the gentle thunk of metal spoon hitting plastic jar.

There's Will, sitting cross-legged on the middle couch cushion, a jar of Jiffy peanut butter in his lap and a spoon full of peanut butter in his mouth.

"Hey Will, what's up," Jonathan groggily whispers.

Will hesitates then sighs. "I couldn't sleep."

The living room goes quiet again, this time with unspoken understanding of the nightmares that continue to plague Will even a year after... everything.

El curls up next to Will, tucking her legs up underneath her as Jonathan ducks into the kitchen. He returns with two spoons, one which he hands to El as he sits down on Will's other side, the other which he dips into the jar.

Will falls asleep on Jonathan's shoulder half an hour later, after a casual debate over why El should or should not try "Bugs on a Stick",

her horror at the idea quickly evaporating after proponent Jonathan describes it as just celery with peanut butter and raisins on top while he covers Will's mouth to muffle his dramatic gagging noises.

Quietly, Jonathan hands El the jar with their three spoons sticking out of the top and tells her to put it next to the kitchen sink. She returns and follows Jonathan, Will in his arms, down the hallway.

"Night, El," Jonathan whispers.

"Night, Jonathan."

She's just about turned to go back to her room when Will sleepily mumbles, "Night, El."

"Night, Will."

She and Jonathan share a smile and two doors click shut, sending the Byers house back into its quiet sleepiness.